



Becoming a Woman by TwoPeonies

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-12-25 15:01:03

Updated: 2016-12-25 15:01:03

Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:53:21

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,462

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Something happens when El learns to ride a bike. Can Mike overcome preteen immaturity to support her? The answer is "yes".

Becoming a Woman

The door swings open, slams closed immediately.

"Hey mom, hey Nancy!" he calls, on his way down the basement stairs.

"Michael," his mother warns, sighing as he completely ignores her presence.

"Regretting letting her stay here already?" Nancy says, sipping her orange juice. "It's only been, what, two days?"

"Nancy,"

"I'm just saying." She shrugs. "You know he has the biggest crush on her ever."

"Aren't you meeting Steve today?" Karen says, wiping pudding off baby Holly's mouth.

Nancy takes too long to answer. "I'm going to the Byers' today actually."

"Be careful," her mother warns. "Don't bite off more than you can chew."

"Ugh, gross." Nancy says, grimacing as she walks away.

"El," Mike says, throwing his backpack to the ground. "Do you wanna go biking today?"

She looks up at him. "Yes," she says, a smile shining on her face.

"You can learn using my bike," he says, leading her outside by the arm, using any excuse to hold onto her. "And then we'll get you your own."

"My own?" she says, pleased at the thought. He nods, grinning. She'll be able to ride with all of them now, not just relying on Mike. Not that he minds, of course. His stomach does backflips when she clutches his jacket a little more tightly as they ride over rocky terrain, or when she puts her head on his back, cruising down the empty streets in the evening.

"Right," Mike says, holding his bike in front of her. She looks at him tentatively as she climbs onto the seat, her feet dangling just below the pedals. "Put your hands on the handlebar here, and your feet on the pedals."

"Like this?" El asks, face screwed in concentration.

"Yeah, that's...good." He says, supporting her back with his hand.

"Now push the pedals slowly. I'll walk the bike for a bit, and then

when I say go, pedal really fast, okay?"

"Okay," she says, nodding.

"Don't be scared," Mike adds, watching her uncertain expression. "I'll be here, so you won't get hurt."

She nods again, watching Mike as he pushes the bike forward. He notices, a slight blush coloring the tops of his cheeks. "Look at the road," he says, avoiding her gaze. El swallows hard before turning her attention forward.

He lets go of the handlebar, watching her zig zag down the road unsteadily. Runs after her to make sure she doesn't lose control and fall down.

"That was really good," he says when she comes to a stop. "You just need to stabilize the handlebar."

El looks at him, confused.

"Um, like this," he says, placing his hands next to hers. "Try not to move it around too much. Hold it steady, unless you need to turn."

"Steady." El repeats, nodding. "Okay."

She attempts again. And again. And again.

Mike is winded from running after her each time she sets off, pedalling so furiously she rises from the seat.

"Don't run," El tells him when he rushes to her for the dozens' time, bent over and clutching his side in pain.

"Uh, are you sure?" He asks, not looking forward to either option.

"What if something happens?"

She shrugs, confident in her abilities now, and Mike lets her ride again, farther and faster than before. Watches her fade in the distance, trying to ignore the panic that sets in his chest. He's lost her before, and it's difficult to let go of the fear.

"El," he yells, breaking into a run. "El, come back!"

Mike knows he's overreacting. El is enjoying the freedom, the wind rushing past her hair, the adrenalin. But he doesn't want to be left behind.

Nearly fifteen minutes go by before he finds her, sitting next to the bike, frowning.

"El," he yells, "El, what happened?"

She watches him run towards her, then looks away.

"El," he says, kneeling in front of her. "Did you fall?"

"No."

"What happened then?" He asks, placing his hand on her shoulder and squeezing reassuringly.

"It hurts," she says, pointing to her abdomen. "Here."

"Your stomach?" Mike asks. "Um...it's okay, we can just go home and my mom can give you some medication."

She nods, getting up to her feet with hesitation.

"Does it hurt really bad?" He asks, watching her clutch her midsection. "Do you want me to carry you?"

She looks up at him, humoured. "Mike, you can't."

He shrugs. "Yeah you're right, I probably can't."

She smiles, waits for him to mount the bike, then climbs onto the back. They ride all the way back home, Mike pedalling as fast as he can, El clutching his t-shirt firmly.

"Mooom," He yells, pulling El through the front doors of the house.

"Moooom!"

"I'm here Mike," she says. "What's wrong?"

"It's El," he says, still winded from the ride home. "She doesn't feel good."

"Honey, what's wrong?" Karen asks, turning to face her. El tries supressing a groan.

"Her stomach hurts," Mike says. "Maybe you can give her some pills, or-"

"Is it just your stomach?" Karen asks.

"No," she shakes her head, looks uncomfortable and uncertain.

"Privacy."

Karen follows her into the bathroom, leaving Mike behind.

"Look after Holly," she tells him.

"But-"

"She'll be fine."

"I dunno what happened," Mike says into the intercom. "And it's taking forever. Over."

"Did she use her powers?" Lucas asks, "Over."

"I don't think so. Over."

"Maybe it's just a stomach ache," Lucas says. "Why are you always jumping to conclusions? Over."

"Because I don't want her to be sick. Over."

"She'll be fine. Over and out."

Mike groans, annoyed. Holly plays at his feet, and he can't help but

count the minutes on his watch. What's taking so long if it's nothing serious?

"El," he exclaims, seeing her approach from behind his mom. "Is everything okay?"

El looks flustered, and Karen gives him a look that's between exasperation and endearment.

"Do you want to tell him, El?" She asks. El looks away awkwardly.

"Tell me what?" He questions, his foot tapping the floor anxiously.

"Are you going to be mature about it?"

"Um, yeah?"

"El," Karen says carefully, "became a woman today."

Somehow, that sentence flusters El enough to grow a shade of pink that Mike has never seen on her.

"What does that mean?" He asks, eyebrows furrowed.

"It means that she's developing."

His look of confusion doesn't go away.

"She got her period today." Karen says, frustrated.

His eyes grow large, and he can't hide his surprise and indirect embarrassment. "Oh," he mutters. He's learned about periods and menstruation in health class, teased his sister Nancy endlessly about it. Suddenly, it's not so funny anymore.

El's face contorts into an expression of pain, and she turns to descend down the stairs to the basement. Mike wants to follow, but is suddenly rooted to the floor.

Karen sighs, "Leave her be for a little while. She's in pain, and I'm sure she won't appreciate you teasing her about it."

Mike looks away, waits for his mom to leave before he goes down the stairs himself.

El lies on her bed in foetal position, facing the wall.

"El?" he says quietly. "Are you okay?"

It takes her a moment to turn towards him, tightens her lips before saying, "Yes."

"Does it...does it hurt really bad?" He asks.

She nods.

"Do you want me to bring you anything?"

She smiles sadly, and shakes her head. "I'm sorry," she says.

He is taken aback. "What are you sorry for?"

"Not riding the bike."

"We'll ride tomorrow, or, well, when you feel better." He says, smiling reassuringly. "Don't be sorry about that."

"Okay," she murmurs.

"Here," he says, outstretching his hand towards her. "Take my hand and you can squeeze it when it hurts a lot, okay?"

She smiles, lacing her fingers with his.

"Mike," she says, but he can barely hear her because he's holding her hand and his skin feels warm and the butterflies in his stomach are acting up again. Feels lucky to be here to comfort her, even if it's over things that seem gross at first. Or, well, are gross.

"Yeah?"

"Thank you," she says, her eyes crinkling with pain again, putting pressure on their entwined hands.

A/N: I'm spending Christmas in Copenhagen this year. Decided to write another short Mileven fic during some time off. This one is just completely random. Let me know what you think and Merry Christmas! :D